



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 63.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 739.

### OSMIR.

THE predecessors of Osmir were ignoble and obscure. For a race of generations they wept the conflicts of indigence, nor could the toils of application crown their efforts with advantage, nor the utmost frugality secure their labors from distress; the importance of command never owned their authority, and the radiance of splendor never shone on their dwelling. They eat of the bread of industry, they drank the waters of perseverance, they lived unnoticed and undistinguished among the children of poverty, as one atom in the sun-beam is undistinguished from another, and as the ebullitions of a current which float for a moment on its surface and die, even so they disappeared and were remembered no more.

But the tempest of malediction began at length to subside, and the severity of fortune to abate her resentment. Malevolence was wearied with undeserved persecution, and prosperity beheld the cot of wretchedness with an auspicious smile, and determined to lavish upon Osmir what she had withheld from his ancestors. He was addicted to industry, to perseverance and toil; his principles were therefore the surest basis whereon time was to erect the superstructure of gilded affluence. In a few years Osmir contemplated the fruits of his application, which animated his endeavors to advance with more hasty strides in the road of progressive grandeur; riches were accumulated, possessions were established, his habitation surpassed the pomp of oriental magnificence, and the report of his opulence was the talk of every mouth, and wafted through every region on the pinions of fame. In order to subdue the murmurs of repining adversity, and establish a position, which though it was probable was yet untrue, that the bounties of Heaven were bestowed upon deserving virtue alone, he resolved to cover his imperfections with the mantle of devotion, by which more liberty was allowed to the passions which lay lurking in secret within the chambers of his heart. Confirmed in this disposition, he was impartial and correct in his dealings with all men; the venom of slander had no influence on his character; for he trod the paths of moral rectitude with exact scrupulosity. Was propitiation ordained to avert the wrath of omnipotence?—his head was covered with the ashes of Bethulia, and his loins were mortified with the sack-cloth of Ninivah; his piety refused the sustenance which human fragility demands for her functions, and thrice a day he fell prostrate at the shrine of the God of nature. Whenever Osmir walked the streets for the purpose of recreation, he was begirt with attendants who showered gold on the multitude, and whom he exhorted in their liberality to more extensive profusion. The widow and the orphan, the desolate and the indigent, all looked for succor from the bounty of his hand, and all felt the influence of his generous condescension. Not an act that was performed escaped the voice of applause, for if Osmir was liberal, compassionate or just, his merit was instantly registered in the chronicles of Fame, who with her trump of seven thunders, blew a blast round the world which was echoed through the universe.

Such was the life of a mortal whom prosperity

delighted to elevate; such was his journey through the vales of desolation, uninfested with the thorns of accident or bitterness, and perfumed with the fragrance of the rose-buds fortune scattered in his way. But whilst Osmir thus employed the happy tenor of his days, now feasting on delicacies at the banquet of plenty, now dancing to the song of happiness in the bowers of ease, the iron hand of time laid its pressure on his temples, the frost of old age was expanded through his veins, and the powers of animation hastened quick to decline. It was in vain to bribe with riches the dreaded minister of death; it was in vain to protract a moment the awful period of dissolution. Summoned at the report of sickness his friends assembled in his chamber, where stretched on the bed of sorrows, human nature was to be dignified, and human weakness was to be confirmed by an illustrious portrait of expiring virtue. But how great was the excess of disappointment and surprise, when, instead of the tranquillity of hope, and ejaculations of charity, their ears were assailed with the shrieks of despair, and their eyes were affrighted with terrific wretchedness. Osmir, whose visage was deformed with terrors, as the brow of Heaven with a tempest, was long unable to hearken to the remonstrances of his friends; at length, however, collecting the feeble breath, which, like the flame of a midnight taper, sat quivering on his lips, he uttered these last accents with emphatic efforts, whilst every voice was suspended in silence, and every ear was attention.

"Ye whom vanity has influenced in the operation of good works, and whom earthly approbation has taught to exult in their merit, let the example of dying disquietudes abate the security of your confidence. Like you, I have floated on the ocean of glory, I have felt my senses enraptured with the melody of praise, and suffered my heart to receive plaudits which my conscience condemned. Like you, I was liberal, because to be liberal was to be eminent, and like you also, I estimated the advantages of Heaven by terrestrial enjoyments. Prosperity shed around me the partial beams of her favor, nor harbored a doubt, nor hesitated to reflect, if the object of her veneration deserved contempt or esteem. Avarice and vain glory were raging passions of my soul, to heat the furnace of these desires was the sole object of my aim; by the one I was rendered odious to the great dispenser of gifts, and by the other detrimental to the sons and daughters of men. This, by the malignity of its turpitude, which withheld what it had received with the rapacious grasp of a vulture, effaced the character of the Deity imprinted by nature in my soul; and the other by a cruelty more inhuman than murder, has awakened passions in the breast of indigence, which had slept forever undisturbed, and for the mercenary tribute of undeserved approbation has elevated for a moment to magnificence and state, only to plunge with keener anguish into the gulphs of despair, the wretch whose heart had never sickened for the splendors of pomp, and whose days had moved calm in inglorious obscurity. Yet weak-sighted mortals viewed my actions and admired, whilst the piercing eye of the Everlasting beheld their motives and abhorred. Happy should I be to amend the past by the present, or to mitigate the

fury of the indignation to come. But the scymetar of vengeance hangs suspended in my view, I hear the sentence of malediction which sounds as thunder in my ears, and I feel the last horrors of agonizing despair. Insulting vanities of a faithless world! why was my heart enamored of thy deceit? Only to look with pleasure on thy allurements, is to assume the chains of thy bondage; to seek thy gratification is to follow pain without profit, and to persevere in thy pursuits is reprobation without hope. A few moments space will evince the dreadful truth, for a few moments space and the life of Osmir is no more. Happy shall you be, my friends, whose errors are corrected by my fatal mistake, and whose minds shall be imprinted with this important remembrance, that no action however splendid can secure the favor of the Deity, unless it correspond with good designs, which can alone stamp its value, and that though you mislead the erring judgment of man by fallacious appearances, it is impossible to mislead the unerring judgement of God."

The hand of the Omnipotent sealed his lips at these words, and a convulsive agony announced the approach of dissolution; his eyes were averted with horror from the flying javelin of death, and expiring his last groan, he slept the sleep of his fathers in the tomb of Mahaleel.

### THOUGHTS ON LAUGHTER.

THEORIES are often formed to account for the plainest facts, as well as to contradict them. Even so familiar a fact as laughing has been the subject of profound speculation, and employed the powers of ARISTOTLE and HOBBS. But what it is which makes people laugh, or what is the *modus operandi* does not yet fully appear. HOBBS contends that laughter arises from pride, another writer asserts, that it is the effect of vanity. As facts have no weight when opposed to theories, and as absurdities are of the essence of all theories, I shall not attempt to confute them, by adducing the one or noting the other. But how is it, that certain associations of ideas and imaginations affect the muscles? Since my limits will not allow me, at this time, to theorise upon this subject, I will only remark upon the different corporeal expressions of this passion, with their characteristic differences, and here we have the grin, the smile, the simper, the giggle, and the broad laugh. The grin is consistent with the most terrible malignity. In some persons it is expressive of sycophancy, in others of imprudence. There is likewise the grin of expectation, and the grin of restraint. The smile has its varieties. Those of the most sullen and morbid temperament do, sometimes "break a melancholy smile;" but it generally indicates placidness of temper, and benevolence of feeling. Dimples, which are often the affect of smiles, have wounded many a poor wight, and when combined with an expressive eye become very dangerous and alarming. The simper is frequently a mark of complaisance. When a person has told a story, or made a remark, which he expected to excite a laugh, we force ourselves into a simper, from pure civility. Sometimes it indicates nothing but vacuity of mind. The giggle is expressive of great vivacity, a high flow of animal spirits, of a frolic

icksome careless disposition: Proud, envious, vain, or melancholy persons, are rarely caught giggling. What Lady Montague calls the "cordial mirth of an honest English horse laugh" is the highest expression of this passion. It appears very different in different persons. The humorous and witty Dean Swift rarely was known to laugh. Dr. Johnson was remarkable for the heartiness of his laugh. Mr. Thomas [Davies,] in allusion to its effect upon his muscles, and voice, merrily observed, that he laughed "like a rhinoceros."

#### SINGULAR FRIGHT.

The following accident occurred at Brighton a few evenings since.—*—* Lond. paper.

AS a whisky was standing at the door of the Star and Garter Tavern, waiting to receive the gentleman to whom it belonged, the horse took fright at the noise which a stage-coach in passing occasioned, and the sudden sounds which proceeded from an organ Pagan's pipe, and a tamborine which struck up at the moment to amuse some ladies and gentlemen in the boarding house adjoining the Tavern. The terrified animal at full speed, made towards Easter street, overshot the corner, and dashed his head and part of his shoulders through one of the Coffee room windows of the White Horse-inn, where two elderly Gentlemen were enjoying a dish of tea.—The tea apparatus happened to be so close to the window, that the edge of the table met in contact with the horse's nose, and was in consequence overturned, and the cups and saucers were demolished, the chairs in which the gentlemen were sitting thrown down, and the parties who occupied them, in the greatest consternation of terror and surprise, vociferating for assistance, not doubting but the horse, which probably in the moment of fear and danger might be magnified into something worse, would force a passage into the room, the horse, however, to their great relief, in the interim, cleared himself from the window, proceeding furiously with the vehicle up East street, and was at length stopped by some gentlemen near Marlborough Row.

#### DREAMS.

A poet one day dreamed that he had written an excellent Comedy, and that Sylphs had administered incense to him, in silvers of gold. He said to himself, "I have driven Moliere from the stage!" He awoke amidst the hisses of the pit.

A coachman fell asleep upon the coachbox, and awakened upon a chair of state—every body congratulated him on his having awakened to so much good fortune: and the coachman would not believe that he had been asleep.

A lacquey fell asleep behind a carriage, and when he awoke he was in the inside of it! Numbers have lately fallen asleep in a garret, and awakened in a drawing-room.

#### OBSERVATION.

IT is a very ancient adage, that Nature does nothing in vain. To women she has given the talent of talking more fluently than men; she has likewise endowed them with a greater quality of animation, or what is commonly called animal spirits. Why, it may be asked, has nature, in this article, so eminently distinguished women from men? for the best and wisest of purposes. The principal destination of all women is to be mothers. Hence some qualities peculiar to such a destination must necessarily have been bestowed upon them. These qualities are numerous: a superior degree of patience, of affection, of minute but useful attention, joined to a facility of almost incessant speaking.

#### ANECDOTE.

A ludicrous circumstance lately occurred at the Theatre, at Market Drayton, Shropshire. The company were performing Pizarro, when, during the hymn to the Sun, the lights being placed too close to the transparent scene of that luminary, it unfortunately took fire. The Manager, who was officiating as High Priest, just after singing the words—"O Power Supreme!"—observed the mishap; and in the utmost consternation, called out to the Stage keeper—"The Sun's on fire!"—then proceeding with the hymn—"O, Power Supreme!—D—n your eyes, put out the Sun, I say!"—The Sun, however continued to blaze, and the Manager to sing and swear; till the audience, notwithstanding their fears, were convulsed with laughter. The fire in the Sun being, however, extinguished, the play proceeded. [*—* Lond. pap.]

#### FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The following LINES from THOMPSON'S SEASONS are so strikingly characteristic of the undeviating humanity of "The Society for the Relief of Distressed Prisoners," that their publication, (while a small tribute to exalted merit) must certainly afford pleasure to the heart of sensibility.

AND here can I forget the generous band,  
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
Unpitied and unheard, where misery moans?  
Where sickness pines? where thirst and hunger burns,  
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice,  
While in the land of liberty, the land  
Whose every street and public meeting glow  
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd?  
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;  
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;  
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;  
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.  
O great design! if executed well,  
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal,  
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.

#### ELEGY.

WHILE thro' life's dreary pilgrimage we go,  
Streams of pure bliss none ever long enjoy,  
To every transport is attach'd its woe,  
The heart no pleasure feels without alloy:  
When Pleasure's sun emerges from the east,  
Shedding the cheering splendor of delight,  
We know he soon must sink into the west,  
And leave the world in sadness and in night.  
Sweet blooming Spring, the harbinger of all  
That charms the fancy, or that soothes the heart,  
Glides into Summer—Summer into fall—  
Winter succeeds, thus time and bliss depart:  
Transient and few are all the joys of sense—  
Round the whole world reign ceaseless care and strife,  
Pleasure begins to die when they commence,  
While endless ills embitter human life,  
Since then the joys which time and sense can give,  
Are false and fugitive—dangerous and vain,  
Let us to Honor, Truth and Virtue live,  
Be these at once our glory and our gain.  
Let us not grieve that sensual pleasures fly,  
Nor lost to Hope, for transient evils mourn,  
Again we'll see joy's day spring from on high,  
Again the beams of cheerfulness return.  
Let confidence in Heav'n, my friend, be thine,  
To Heav'n your heart with warm devotion raise,  
Thus on your soul the star of joy will shine,  
And soothe and gild th' evening of your days.

#### SONG.

BY those orbits which, oft, I enraptur'd survey,  
Which, sparkling content, the mind's image pourtray,  
While sweet affability tempers their ray,  
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!  
By those features which grief of her tears can beguile,  
Aid the gambols of mirth, light the burthen of toil,  
Dispensing delight when bedeck'd with a smile,  
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!  
By thy tongue, which I ne'er have heard prattle amiss,  
By the teeth, snow-drop white, thy lips teeming with bliss,  
By the exquisite rapture you breathe in a kiss,  
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!  
By thy temper as gentle as Spring's mildest shower,  
By the accents so soft, which rob grief of its power,  
By the form my eyes doat on, the mind I adore,  
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!  
By the wish to elevate misery's smart,  
By the genial solace that wish does impart,  
By the fond heart you've won and your own little heart,  
I conjure thee to love me Sophia!  
By those vows at the altar our souls did approve,  
By that union so sacred recorded above,  
A compact divine, which demands love for love!  
I conjure thee still love me Sophia!

#### INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

From De Vaux's History of Mauritius.—[Concluded.]

"Well then," said she, "at break of day my father will come here, under the pretext of a friendly visit; and if he breaks a stick he will hold in his hand that will be the signal of thy death; his guard will then enter with their hatchets, and will kill thee, and all thy people will be massacred with thee!"

"Forval immediately conducted her to a place of safety: Nevertheless he was determined to wait till the morning, and ascertain the truth of her information. The Princess had also added, that the signal the king would give for his attendants to retire would be to throw his hat towards them.

"He accordingly ordered his soldiers to remain under arms during the night, and to keep within their tents. As for himself, he got his arms in readiness, placed a couple of pistols under the covering of his table, and dozed by the side of it, with his hand on the pistols.

"At length the King arrived, and soon after having broke his stick, the guard was advancing to the front of the tent; but the King terrified at the pistol which Forval held to his throat, cast his hat towards his attendants, who immediately departed. The small party of soldiers which Forval had with him were now drawn up in order of battle. All the negroes had disappeared; the king alone remained as a prisoner; nor was he enlarged; till the princess was embarked with all the equipage; and Forval felt himself happy in departing from this perfidious coast. Nor was he ungrateful: he solemnly espoused the Princess Betsey, in spite of all the remonstrances of his friends, and he lives happy with her. Her color was certainly displeasing to the white people, and her education did not qualify her to be a companion to such a man as her husband; but her figure was fine, her air noble, and all her actions partook of the dignity of one who was born to command.

"She was a real Amazon, and the dress she chose was that which has since received a similar name. She never walked out but she was followed by a slave, and armed with a small fowling piece, which she knew how to employ with great dexterity, and would defend herself with equal courage if she were attacked. She was as nimble as a deer, though stately in her demeanor; but with her husband as gentle and submissive as the most affectionate of his slaves. He behaved to her inferiors with equal dignity and kindness; and she never went to the most distant part of the Island, to pay visits to her family but on route, she nevertheless adopted the elegance of behavior with great facility, and her society is very pleasant and full of vivacity.

"Some years after he married, the Princess Betsey, for she was seldom called Madame de Forval, gave her husband a new proof of her affection.

"Her father at length died, and the kingdom descended to her, and her people, who are ardently attached to the blood of their kings, anxiously wished to see her on the throne of her ancestors. As soon as she was informed of this event, she requested permission of her husband to visit her country.

"Though such an unexpected request astonished Forval, he did not hesitate to comply with it; and as she did not unfold the reason of such a desire on her part, he felt his pride mortified at her conduct, though he kept his chagrin to his own bosom, of which it was a painful inmate.

"The first sentiments of Forval, respecting his princess, had been intigated by honor and gratitude; but her demeanor towards him, her conduct towards others, and her personal charms, in which her color was forgotten, had awakened in his heart the most faithful and tender affection.

"The Queen Betsey, however, departed for her kingdom as soon as she had received permission of her own sovereign; while Forval was totally unable to reconcile the steps she had taken to her former sentiments and past conduct. He according waited with the utmost impatience for the return of the vessel which had taken her away; when to his great astonishment his faithful wife returned in it, with an hundred and fifty slaves, which she had brought him. "You had the generosity," she cried, on throwing herself into his arms, "to marry me, in opposition to the wishes of your friends—and the prejudice of your country, when I had nothing to offer you but my person, whose charms, whatever, they might have been, were proof in my own country, were calculated rather to excite than to please you. You will therefore add to the proof of your kindness, by assuring me of your affection, the having raised a single doubt in your mind of me; but affection and duty you so entirely define."

It was my wish to avoid informing you of the project I had conceived on my father's death, till it was executed. It was not the little kingdom which that event transferred to me nor even the large empire, that would separate me from you: my sole design, in the step I have just taken, was to make you an offer of a small number of my subjects, which is the only part of my inheritance that I can bestow. I have, at the same time, complied with the wishes of my people, in resigning my little sovereignty to the most worthy of my relations."

"Such a scene may be more easily conceived than described. Thus Forval found his wife worthy of all his affection; and the present she made him is a sort of fortune in this country."

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1802.**

**FRIDAY, Dec. 24.**

⚡ Saturday being CHRISTMAS DAY, we have, in consequence, issued the *Museum* one day earlier.

⚡ AT a meeting of a large number of the Clergy of the city of New-York, it was unanimously agreed that the distinguished goodness of God towards the city, throughout the last season, especially in preserving it from the ravages of that malignant disease, by which it has been visited in former seasons, and by which some neighboring public and solemn acknowledgements from their fellow-citizens.

It was also agreed, with equal unanimity, that it be recommended to the congregations under their care, to set apart Wednesday the 29th inst. as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, with a special reference to the merciful dispensation of Providence above mentioned.

They trust that the propriety and duty of the proposed service, will be evident to every serious mind, and that the day selected for the purpose will meet with general approbation and concurrence. Signed by order.

**JOHN ROGERS, Chairman.**

Joseph Shinn Esq. in the County of Salem, (Mass.) on his way from Quinton bridge to a neighboring sawmill, (being within half a mile of the former) unfortunately having not taken precaution enough to fasten the swivel, it worked out of the swiveltree; falling on the horse's heels frightened him amazingly (being naturally very skittish) and immediately threw Mr. Shinn in a violent manner off his chair upon the ground; which fall he survived no longer than two minutes.

A young man by the name of Butler, who was at work in a saw mill, in Cabot, Vermont, was caught in some part of the mill, and so wounded, that he died in about 48 hours after.

A letter from New-Orleans dated Oct. 28, received in this city on Monday morning, says, "Spanish vessels can load Spanish produce only, and only for France, Spain and the Colonies."

Another, dated the 19th, says, "The ship *Matilda* from London, arrived here, was not permitted to unload. Other vessels are expected both from Europe and the States, the consignees of which have fast to the mouth of the river to stop them all from coming up."

Captain Slocum, of the brig *Favorite*, arrived at this port from Port-Republican has furnished a sketch of a journal which he kept at that port; from which the following extracts are made:

**PORT-REPUBLICAN, Oct. 30.**

"No vessels from the United States, under 70 tons, are permitted to enter here. Two schooners from Norfolk; one of 40 tons, was condemned, vessel and cargo; the other, the captain told me, would be cleared, but the cargo would be condemned. There are many other American vessels here in a perplexing situation.

"I was the only American vessel cleared out this day. I was told by the commodore, that no other would be permitted to clear out, as an embargo was shortly expected to take place. At 3 o'clock, A. M. alarm guns were fired—soon after an engagement ensued between the French and Brigands, which continued all day; and I saw the smoke till I got almost to St. Marks point.

"Gonives, St. Marks, L'Anse-au-Loup, and all the out places, except Port Republican, are in the hands of the blacks, whom Gen. Desfaines has joined. The blacks

at St. Marks sent in word, that they intended shortly to pay the French a visit at Port Republic.

"While I was there, the centinels were frequently killed at the gates, and burning, and other depredations were committed within pistol shot of the town. The whites, men, women and children, were indiscriminately massacred wherever they were found.

"The whites had erected a gallows in the Market-place, and the blacks one upon the hill, where executions, on both sides, were hourly taking place, in sight of each other.

"The whites have invented a new way of getting rid of the blacks—they have got a ship called a *Suifler*, on board of which vessel they shut down a hold full of blacks, and rifle them to death by burning brimstone. The morning after, they discharge the bodies into boats and launches, carry them off the harbor, and throw them overboard."

**DUNSTABLE, (N. H.) Dec. 13.**

On Sunday morning about 8 o'clock, Timothy Hadley, aged about 18, was found dead in bed; a large quantity of froth, mixed with blood, covering a considerable part of his face, presented a shocking spectacle. A young man (Charles Roby) of 21 years of age, who slept with him, appeared also in a painful situation, though living. He was unable to speak or open his eyes, was considerably swollen and in great distress. He was immediately removed, and medical aid was administered to him. It appeared in evidence to the Coroner's inquest on the deceased, that the young men, who slept in a small and pretty tight chamber in which there was no fire place, had about 9 o'clock, carried into their chamber a kettle of lighted charcoal;—that both the young men were well when they went to bed; and that nothing appeared in their previous conduct, which could raise a suspicion that they could have taken any thing with design to shorten life. The jury's verdict was, that the deceased came to his death by misfortune. No doubt is entertained but it was the poisonous quality of the charcoal which effected the young men. On Saturday night, the charcoal which was not consumed, was again lighted in the same chamber, and a cat shut up in it. In the morning, the charcoal was about half consumed, and the cat dead. She appeared to have died some time before morning. Ruby is yet living. On Saturday he was intirely senseless; on Sunday morning he recovered his senses, but recollected nothing after he went to sleep on Friday night. It is expected he will recover."

#### ALARMING INCIDENT.

A most melancholy affair happened at Stirbirth Theatre, near Cambridge, just after half-price took place, the ladies and gentlemen in one of the front boxes, were alarmed by the cry of "Fire" from behind the boxes, but not loud enough to be heard by the house in general; they immediately arose, and seeing nothing, were inclinable to be seated again; but hearing it repeated, they began to make their way out of the house, and every part of the house was immediately alarmed, and the greatest confusion took place. Many from the gallery began to throw themselves over into the pit; others ran to the stairs and choaked the passage up, while some fell headlong down the stairs, and were trod upon by others passing down. Ladies and gentlemen from the upper boxes threw themselves into the pit, and made their way over the orchestra upon the stage. Numbers of both sexes are much bruised and hurt; few limbs are broken, but four lives are lost; two young women, about 22 years of age, a girl about 11, and a boy about 14; those were all in the gallery, and were either trampled on or pressed to death.

A gang of pickpockets who attended the fair, are supposed to have set on foot a false alarm, as several ladies' pockets were cut off, watches and bracelets lost, &c. The managers have offered a hundred guineas reward upon conviction of the offender or offenders.

On Wednesday evening Oct. 13, a young man of decent appearance went into the shop of Mr. Vale, in Fleet Street, and asked to look at some gold pins. After selecting the two most valuable, he begged to know the lowest price, adding, he should purchase but one now. Whilst he appeared to be making his choice, he very deliberately walked off with both, shutting the door after him, so that before the person in the shop could come round the counter, he was out of sight.

The last ship from England for Botany Bay, had on board 70 female convicts, of whom 29 were under 20 years of age.

#### COURT OF HYMEN.

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay  
As on the morning of a nuptial day;  
Love then within a larger circle moves,  
New graces adds, and ev'ry charm improves.

#### MARRIED.

At Flatbush, (L. I.) on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. TUNIS BERGEN of Gwanes, to Miss ELLEN MARTENSEN, of Flat-Bush.

At the same place, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. WILLIAM STOOTUFF of Flat-Lands, to Miss REBECCA LOTT of Flat-Bush.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. Collier, Mr. ELIJAH CORNELL, merchant, to Miss MARY WILLIS, daughter of William Willis, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston. Mr. PETER KUHN, jun. of Gibraltar, son of Peter Kuhn, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss ANN STORM, daughter of Thomas Storm, Esq. of this city.

Mr ZEREDIAH BOLLES, of Montville, aged 64, to Miss PEGGY GREEN, of Waterford, aged 23.

In England, Mr. P. T. HART, aged 19, to Mrs. SARAH HARRIS, aged 42, who had buried three husbands, the second of whom was his uncle. His wife was his sponsor at the baptismal font, and suckled him; so that it may be said he has married his nurse, his aunt, and his foster mother.

Not long since, an old man, so debilitated that he was obliged to be conveyed on an ass, was united at the altar of St. Alphagis church, Canterbury, to a blushing damsel of his own age.

#### DIED.

At Horton, Nova-Scotia, Mr. WILLIAM CARDWELL, aged 108, a native of England; he remembered Queen Ann's Coronation; served in the British Navy upwards of 90 years ago, and afterwards became one of the first settlers in Nova-Scotia. His descendants are numerous, and he enjoyed a great degree of health and strength through his long life.

The city clerk reports the death of 40 persons during the week ending on the 18th inst. viz.—Of Consumption 8, Decline 3, Fits 6, Putrid Fever 2, Accident 2, Weakness 1, Sudden Death 1, Old Age 1, Hives 1, Whooping Cough 1, Stoppage on Lungs 1, Ascite 1, Child Bed 1, Relax 1, Palsy 1, Syphilis 1, Small pox 1, New Born 1, and 6 of diseases not mentioned. Of the whole number 22 were children and 19 grown persons.

#### THEATRE.

This evening, (Friday, the 24th inst.) will be presented, Shakespeare's celebrated Tragedy of

**Richard III.**

After which, the much admired Pantomime of  
**Gil Blas.**

**25,000 Dollars the highest prize.**

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.  
**TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 1, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.**

#### Novels,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

**CASTLE RACKRENT,**  
An Hibernian Tale.

**ROGER DE CLARENDON,**  
By Clara Reeve.

**CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY,**  
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

**THE MONK.**  
A Romance—By M. G. LEWIS, Esq.  
**GEORGE BARNWELL,**  
By T. S. SURR.

## COURT OF AOPLO.

### CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS! hail! :--- Throughout the world  
Long may thy ancient harmless customs live;  
And long be interchange'd thy greetings kind  
Between poor mortal sojourners of life!  
---For, hark! the cold North blows, and mutual aid  
Is needed to defeat its cruel rage.  
Heap high the fire;  
And, Innocence! with Plenty, hither bring,  
Hilarity: while Friendship brims the cup  
With home-brew'd ale, and ev'ry welcom'd guest  
Forgets the storm.---But ah! forget not, thou,  
Steward of Heav'n! whose purse distends with gold,---  
Forget not those who from the pitiless blast  
But ill are shielded, and to whose pale lip  
Enough of homeliest food scarce ever comes.  
No blazing hearth is theirs,---no cheering draught  
Of ale nectareous.---Yonder hut approach;  
Thro' whose small trellis and old chinky walls  
A few faint embers, cold glimmering shew  
Distress which Pity will not view unmov'd,  
Nor Mercy unreliev'd---white-beared age,---  
Shaken not more by palsy than by cold;  
A widow'd daughter folacing his woes,  
Yet needing much herself a comforter:  
A brood of orphans, whose sustaining fire,  
Before his parent, death has snatch'd away;  
Gone their last morsel too---long since!--behold,  
They famish in despair!---Their humble latch,  
O CHRISTIAN! lift, and bless---bless thyself!  
Light in each face the smiles of wond'ring joy,  
And in thy breast 'wake raptures, which no Muse  
Can paint, and only Pity's self can feel.  
---While frowns all nature, let whate'er can feel,  
Feel comfort from the charity of man.  
He wills it, who, at this inclement tide,  
Benevolence brought down from highest heav'n,  
And bade her dwell on earth with gentle Peace.  
These, and what ailes foe'er have power to smooth  
The rugged front of Winter and impart  
To mortals joy---I welcome: whether held  
Or sage or simple by an atheist tribe,  
Who many a rite beneficent, which Time  
Hath sanctioned long, are eager to consign,  
With God's own Sabbaths, to th' oblivious gulf  
That, when thy reign, O sophistry! is o'er,  
Their impious edicts and themselves shall whelm.  
Gladly I greet thee, CHRISTMAS! then, benign;  
Tho' Winter bring thee in his icy car,  
When not a fountain murmurs, or a bird  
Affays his song; when stretches wide and far  
A snowy prospect, and thro' sunless skies  
Insultate tempests roll. Thrice welcome all  
The heralds of thy coming---twilight days  
Curtail'd and shadow'd by dun misty clouds:  
The curfew-peal at eve; and, when fast sleeps  
A busy world, the nightly serenade  
Of vigil-band---now distant heard,---now lost;  
The strain soft-dying on the wakeful ear,  
Stol'n by th' enamour'd breeze---How sweet the sounds  
Of music, when the world is hush'd in sleep!  
When silence paces with unsandal'd foot  
The mossy lawn by Cynthia's silver light,  
And Echo vainly listens in her cave  
For somewhat to repeat! At that still hour  
Not void of charm is simplest minstrelsy---  
The carol-ditty, sung from door to door,  
Hymning a Saviour born,---Return, return,  
Ye hallow'd happy times! when festive glee  
Cheer'd ev'ry dwelling---e'en the straw-roof'd hut,  
By Affluence' bounty blest. Unfelt, the storm  
Then blew: for Plenty and a blazing hearth,  
To poverty and hoary age, supplied  
A kind nopenche for each outward ill.

### ANECDOTE.

A Country curate in Norfolk, who had several miles to go to preach, and perform divine service, having mounted the pulpit, found that he had lost his sermon. It was too far to send for another, and he durst not trust to his own abilities for delivering an extemporary discourse. After a little hesitation he addressed his congregation as follows:---  
"My dear brethren, I have lost my sermon; but I am determined you shall be no losers by the accident, for I will come down into the reading desk and give you a chapter of the New Testament, worth twenty such sermons!"

## MORALIST.

Indiscriminate praise is as blameable as indiscriminate censure; but there is a certain class who are too fond of the latter to bestow praise where it is really due, and from an envious disposition refuse to pay the tribute of applause to real merit, but will endeavour by every art in their power, either gently to undermine a virtuous character by insinuating suspicions, winks, nods and whispers, communications under strict injunctions of secrecy which were never meant to be observed, or to crush it at once by the weight of a plausible barefaced falsehood. When they have succeeded in the ruin of a character, they fondly imagine their own will rise proportionably: But let such remember that truth needs no disguise, and that either sooner or later she will stand confest with all her heavenly charms, and delight in removing every prejudice that has been raised against oppressed innocence. In our intercourse with the generality of society, we cannot forbear making observations, and contrasting the virtuous with the vicious; and indeed we may reap considerable benefit from our remarks, provided we do not suffer our judgment to be prejudiced.  
[M. Spy.]



N. SMITH, Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, fourteen doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-lane, on the left hand, New-York.

The extensive art of Perfumery does not consist in flattery the sense of smelling. An artist should also understand the more elegant appendages of a toilet and as much care is necessary to the preservation of the skin as to embellish it; a trifle diminishing or destroying its lustre; the complexion being undoubtedly the greatest beauty of the human frame.

Among all the innocent, salutary, and perfectly efficacious Cosmetics of Smith's preparing, improved chemical Milk of Roses, or Beauty's Preservative, holds the most distinguished rank, and is famed at every toilet of fashion in London, and from the great demand, will soon be so in America. That the public may no longer be imposed on by the trash under that name, Smith is determined not to sell any without his seal and name on the bottle in copperplate, warranted genuine, or taken back and the money returned. It is likewise of so innocent a nature, it might for its safety be used internally in the most infant state, it being truly deserving of the many impartial recommendations it hourly merits from the first of families, owing to the many excellent qualities which it possesses above anything of the kind ever discovered. No wash was ever known to purify the skin equal to this. It cleans and preserves the most delicate complexion, keeps the lustre of beauty to extreme old age, makes the reddest and brownest skin, fair and white, unblemished by wrinkles, pimples, tan, morpheus, and every other deformity of the skin. It is exceeding fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it heals and takes off all smarting of the soap, and renders the face smooth and comfortable. Sold with printed directions, 6s. per bottle, small do. at 3s. Ladies that take the Milk of Roses by the quart will have an abatement. Smith would just mention, that his chemical Milk of Roses was highly recommended by some of the gentlemen of the faculty, who have taken the trouble to analyze this wash, and express their wonder that a thing so innocent should have such an immediate effect upon the skin; far above the imported washes, CREAM DRAWN FROM VIOLETS AND MILK FROM ROSES, lotions, &c. &c. without any of their dangerous effects.

### GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PAWTRER, No. 298 Water-street, between Peck and New-slips, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extensively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured, equal to any imported. [W] Worms for Bells, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles.---An Apprentice wanted to the above business. O.G. 16, 29 17

### JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,  
**The Beggar Boy,**  
A Novel.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

A REPORT having prevailed for some time, that the FURRIERS, who carry on business in WILLIAM STREET have, from time to time, sold colored or dyed Bear or Martin Skin Muffs and Tippets, and attempted to pal them on the public as the genuine color of the skin:---beg leave thus publicly and solemnly to declare, that I never have sold any such base and spurious articles; and as I cannot deny the probability of such articles having been offered for sale in the above-mentioned Street, yet pledge myself to my friends, customers and the public that none such have, or ever shall be offered for sale in my store.  
FRANCIS WUNNENBERG.

120 William-Street, Sept. 30, 1802.

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City of New-York, #.

CARL A. HOFFMANN, JOHN D. HARTUNG, FRANCIS WUNNENBERG, all of the city of New-York, Furriers, being severally sworn, depose and say, each one for himself, and not the one for the other of them; and, first, the said CARL A. HOFFMANN says, that on or about the thirteenth day of November last a Mrs. RODGERS called at his store in Maiden-lane, in the said City, and requested him to inspect a Tippet which she had lately purchased, as she alleged, of JOHN WENDELL, No. 118 William-street, in the said city, Furrier, and to give his opinion whether the said Tippet was a dyed one, or one in its natural color of Martin Tip Tippets; that deponent did at her request inspect the said Tippet, and tried the quality of the same by rubbing a white linen cloth thereto, in order to discover whether the same was dyed or not; deponent well knowing that if it was in its natural color it would not soil the said linen; that upon so rubbing the said linen cloth to the said Tippet, the same was thereby dyed and blackened considerably, which left no doubt on the mind of the deponent that the same was a dyed Tippet, and had not the original color, as it had been represented by the seller to have; and that consequently the selling it for a Martin Tippet, and for and in its original color, was an imposition upon her the said Mrs. Rogers, deponent being well satisfied that the said Tippet was a colored one; that in order further to satisfy the said Mrs. Rogers of the imposition aforesaid, the deponent sent for John D. Hartung, one other of these deponents, secondly herein before named, and requested him to examine the said Tippet, and give his opinion upon it; which the said Hartung accordingly did, by trying the same with a white linen cloth, as herein before stated; that upon his (the said Hartung) so rubbing the said Tippet as aforesaid with the said linen, the said linen was thereby considerably soiled and dyed, which would not have been the case if the said Tippet had not been dyed as aforesaid. That upon so representing these circumstances to the said Mrs. Rogers, she returned to the said John Wendell with the said Tippet, and informed him of the imposition, and that C. A. Hoffmann was the person who discovered the same.---That shortly thereafter the said Wendell and one of his journeymen came to the store of this deponent, and asked if he (Headman) had so represented that the said tippet was a dyed one, whereunto in the presence of the said Mrs. Rogers, he answered he had, and offered to prove the same to the satisfaction of all persons present if permitted again to examine it, which the said Wendell refused to admit, but returned the purchase money to the said Mrs. Rogers, and kept to himself the tippet. And the said John D. Hartung says that what is herein before stated with respect to him, is substantially true. And the said Francis Wunnenberg says, that on this day the said Carl A. Hoffmann, the other deponent, shewed to him a white linen cloth which the said Hoffman said he had rubbed to the Tippet aforesaid; that this deponent looked at the same, and found it soiled, which he is convinced was done by something dyed with coloring.

CARL A. HOFFMANN,

JOHN D. HARTUNG,

FRANCIS WUNNENBERG.

Sworn this 7th day of December, 1802, before me  
THEO. BECKMAN, Special Justice.

\* \* In reply to the advertisement of JOHN WENDEL, published in the Mercantile Advertiser of yesterday morning, the subscriber despises his threatenings, and is ready and willing to appear before a court of justice whenever Mr W. endel thinks proper. December 8.

## Almanacs

By the gross, dozen, &c. for sale at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

### PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.  
Price---One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.